

Protect You by kinghairington

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Summary:

Now a Police Officer and in a new relationship, Steve decided it was time to tell his girlfriend all about the strange happenings of Hawkins.

Protect You

Author's Note:

Requested! OC's name is Anne and she is a senior in high school, same graduating class as Nancy and Jonathan. Steve has graduated at this point. Late 1985/early 1986. Feel free to read it as a reader insert. You may see Anne in another fic I have in the works. Thanks for this request! Full request at the end. (Requests open.)

For months, Steve had been in denial. Everything strange in Hawkins that could happen had already occurred and there was no way that it would ever come up again. But he was wrong. Oh, he was so wrong. There was never going to be anything normal about Hawkins and he learned that when he joined the Hawkins Police Department. Most of their calls were normal - car break-ins, petty theft, disturbing the peace, nothing out of the ordinary. Then there were the calls that immediately put Chief Hopper on edge. It was like he knew that something weird was involved.

Hopper had Jane to protect and Steve needed to look out for the kids. Yeah, for the most part, they were able to take care of themselves, but he was still concerned about them. They were smart, probably smarter than him, especially when they all got together. Still, he was older than them and a cop now, so it was his job either way.

Then there was Anne.

Their relationship was still relatively new and she didn't know anything about all of the weird stuff, but it was only a matter of time. She hung out with him and the kids enough that they had to watch what they said around her (at Steve's insistence) and they slipped up every now and then. Dustin had been trying to convince him for the past few weeks that it was time they told her what was going on, for her safety, and Steve could see his point. But he didn't want to scare her away.

"Don't you think she'll find it cool that you have a bat with nails in

it? And you've fought an interdimensional creature, like a ton of them!"

"I'm not telling her."

"Come on, Steve," Dustin said, looking up from where he was doing homework at Steve's desk at the police station. "It's for her safety, and I like Anne."

Steve glared at him.

"Not like that! Well, she's pretty, but she's kind of out of my league." Dustin tilted his head. "Yours, too."

"What's your point, Henderson?"

"My point is you don't want anything to happen to her. She needs to be able to protect herself."

Sometimes he hated how smart those kids were, and how logical too.

"Good afternoon, Officer Harrington," Anne said as she approached Steve at his car. There was a slight flush to her cheeks that Steve could swear was always there when he saw her. It was beautiful.

"Ms. Hughes." Steve took her hand and pulled her gently to him, tilting her head back with a finger underneath her chin. She lifted up and pressed her lips to his. "How was school?"

"Fine. I'm almost finished with my final project."

Steve smiled happily at that. For the last couple of weeks, she'd been working on a project that had kept her busy and unable to see him most nights. When she was finished, that meant more time for them to be together.

"You up for more learning?"

Anne raised an eyebrow but shrugged, slipping into his car when he opened the door for her.

“Yeah, sure.”

Steve walked around the car and got in. He was nervous, but Dustin was right, and he'd known it for a while. It was time for her to know the truth about Hawkins.

It took him about an hour to get all of the information out, from the moment he had become involved with fighting the Demogorgon, to the demo-dogs, and to the possible threat coming their way. He also told her about Eleven and the Hawkins Lab, how Will and Barbara Holland's disappearances were connected, and how all of the kids were involved.

Anne sat there dumbfounded for a few minutes while Steve paced the room. A part of him expected her to get up and run away, but instead, she was the one to stand up and stop his walking.

“Hey,” she said, grabbing his arm to stop him in his tracks. “Steve, look at me.”

He halted and wrapped his arms around her, holding her to him for a few minutes. “I don't want to scare you off,” he whispered against her head. “I swear I'm telling the truth.”

“I believe you.” Anne pulled back enough so he could see her while she spoke. “Are you going to teach me how to use that bat?”

He started her out with a regular bat, not one with nails sticking out of it. It was as much for her protection as it was for his, even if she did accidentally hit him in the thigh with it once.

“I'm fine!” He yelled in a high pitched voice when she dropped the bat and rushed toward him. He waved his hands. “Wait. You don't run to the enemy.”

“You're not my enemy.” She laughed and pushed him to the lounge chair. “Let me see your leg.”

Once he was all taken care of, and they'd taken a long break to make out, they went back to practicing. It turned out she was a fast learner.

"I played softball when I was little," she explained when he told her this, lifting her eyebrows at him as she motioned for the nailed bat. "I think I'm ready."

And she was. In his eyes, she was better at swinging it than he was. He usually just let his nervousness and adrenaline guide him, but Anne had an actual method. Stepping back, Steve folded his arms while he admired her stance and the way she handled the bat and just everything about her.

"Maybe I need to get a new weapon," he said, earning a wink from her.

"Or we can both have a bat." Tossing the bat onto the ground, she walked over to one of the chairs and fell down onto it. He followed her and seated himself next to her before wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her against him. Her eyes were closed as they rested there, some of her hair sticking to her forehead. He peeled it away from her skin. "Thanks."

"For what?"

"For telling me everything."

"I just want to protect you." Anne opened her eyes and smirked at him. "Not that you need it."

She sat up and pushed him more on his back before settling down with her head on his chest.

"That doesn't mean you can't want to protect me. I love that about you." She played with the sleeve of his shirt. "That's what makes you so good at your job and with the kids."

She was much better with words than he was and she was coming right out and saying what she felt. It was one of the things he loved about her.

"Dustin knew you'd think the bat was cool." He breathed out a laugh. "He'll never let me live it down."

A giggle escaped her lips and she moved closer to him, running her

hand up to cup his cheek. He looked into her eyes. They hadn't been dating very long, and he was still afraid of getting hurt again, but she felt so right.

"I love you," he said suddenly.

"Yeah, I got that from you teaching me about the bat." She smiled and kissed him slowly. "I love you, too."

Steve didn't know what would happen next, what this new threat was or when it would come for them, but nothing could ruin how right he felt or how perfectly Anne fit into his world.

Author's Note:

Request: Would a prompt of Steve teaching an oc to use a type of weapon work at all? Sort of like feeling worried about an upcoming threat and deciding to prepare? I'm sorry I'm not good at explaining